

GUIDE TO HOLINESS

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GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARCHIVES & HISTORY
THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

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Vol. XXXII.

Whole No. 218.

GUIDE TO HOOLINESS.

HE WILL LEAD YOU INTO ALL TRUTH.

AUG, 1857.



CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART

SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH

O GOD.

THY WORD IS TRUTH.

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Badge of my Royal Priesthood.

[Extract of a letter from a friend now in England to Mrs. Palmer.]

"As I was about closing this very long letter, I received, from Miss R—, the lady above alluded to, the enclosed communication; the perusal of which will give you much pleasure; and, I think, will cause you anew to lift your heart to God in praise and thanksgiving; and not the less so that he has honored your labors in blessing the descendant of one whose own labors have been so useful to yourself.

"I would also mention that the perusal of another of your works has, within a few days, been blessed to another member of the same family; who now, with her daughter and son, is rejoicing in a full salvation. A happy, pleasing group, bearing testimony to the faithfulness of the covenant-keeping God of their honored, sainted father, who hath said, 'The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon those that fear him, and his righteousness to children's children.'"

MY DEAR SIR,—You told us on Wednesday, you were writing to Mrs. Palmer. I have never given faith's history in my own soul to any human being; but it has occurred to me that she who was mainly instrumental in leading me into its experience, ought to know it. If you think so too, will you, at your convenience, convey it to her? I copy it word for word from a memorandum made at the time. "Paris and Versailles, September, 1851:—On the first of this month, I met with some remarks in a work entitled, 'The Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way,' which the Spirit of Holiness grafted deeply on my mind; for I had implored his guidance before I commenced its perusal. They enforced the duty of giving ourselves *wholly* to God *through Jesus*, and believing that, because thus given, the sacrifice was accepted.

The former part of this duty, the self-sacrifice, I had often done before; the latter, the belief of its acceptance, *never*. I had hoped, implored, that I *might* be accepted, but never believed that, because offered on the blood-besprinkled altar, I *must* be.

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Now I was not disobedient to the heavenly teaching. I felt no mighty, heaven-alluring influence, but calmly and reasonably I offered every actual and possible part of my nature. I presented the offering through the blood of Jesus, to make it first holy, and then acceptable.

In that moment, I plunged into the untried, mysterious life of faith,—that faith which, the minute before, had been the firmly grasped substance of the thing I hoped for,—the appropriation of God now became the evidence of it, though still unseen. I had no other evidence that I was accepted than faith in the pledged promises: "I will receive you." "By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I had resolved to believe, independently of all sensation, and my resolution was tested. No voice of mercy whispered, "Thou art mine."

Had I then, instead of resting on the immutable word, waited for sensible emotion, I had believed in vain; for no sensible emotion came; and thus the first effort of precious, triumphant faith had been lost forever, though presently a calm satisfaction reigned in my mind; it was not the joy of the assuring witness of the Spirit; it was simply the peace of a faith resting on the adamant promise of the Faithful and True—not feeling that it *was*, but knowing that, sure as the existence of the Eternal, it *must be*. One promise more I pleaded before I left the mercy-seat in answer to the forebodings of my hitherto incorrigibly doubting spirit; it was this: "The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil."—2 Thessalonians iii. 3. And, thus believing, I went on my way.

Day after day passed away, but no overflowing love filled my heart, no inward assurance buoyed up my spirit. The temper of my mind was, indeed, altered, but so silently as to be almost insensible. I think I did habitually the will of God; but so easily as scarcely to distinguish that it

was not my own. I kept near the cross of Christ, for I felt all the difficulty of a life of faith in a world of sense. O, I found out what it was to live by every word proceeding from the mouth of God. Each promise, as it was presented to my faith, I tried to grasp and live upon; and I did live upon them.

The first time I experienced, to any extent, suitable emotion was on Saturday, the sixth. Then while, according to my wont, ransacking my little Testament, this passage arrested, with great force, my mind: "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." O then I felt how it was that I—though languishing in spiritual apathy, by uniting myself by faith to the life of Jesus—lived; and with it came the glorious assurance that, long as I continued to abide believingly in him, my resurrection and my life, I should not die the death of sin. The full tide of scripture evidence on which my soul had reposed for the last few days, now rushed on my mind. O, utterly vile, and sinful, and helpless in myself, I yet saw how fully, how gloriously in the Lord had I righteousness and strength. I abandoned myself and with it abandoned all that was guilty and weak. I rested on Jesus, and with him possessed all that was holy and strong.

The utter despairing emptiness of the creature is never felt till that creature is cast on the fulness of Christ. Now for me to live was Christ, necessarily risen with him as having by faith been buried with him; because he lived, I lived also; through his communicated life, I reckoned myself dead indeed unto sin; even as Christ, being raised from the dead, died no more, so I was alive unto God through Jesus, my Lord. His words I did indeed prove to be spirit and life. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. He that eateth me even he shall live by me." These, and other similar passages, were presented to the grasp of

faith; and thus sweetly I knew that the water which Jesus had given me was indeed in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life; and was assured that long as I continued in self-despairing union with Jesus, so long should the life of Jesus be made manifest in my mortal body.

Thus strengthened, I arose with patience to the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, my life; and it was well I did so; for soon again feeling passed away, and I was left dependent on faith; but that sustained me, or rather the life which it communicated did so; it has kept my soul in calm during the hurry of removal here, (Versailles,) and has enabled me to bear some disagreeables I have since met with, not with resignation, but with rejoicing.

On the evening of Sunday, the 14th, a yet more sensible communication of the life of Jesus was granted. I felt the influence of the Spirit drawing me to a renewed, full, free dedication. I did so. I gave up all my capabilities of body, and soul, and mind, enumerating them one by one as I could recollect; and then felt something of what is too spiritual for words,—*the oneness with Christ*. Since then, temptations have been higher and fiercer, but not overwhelming. Sometimes, when the attack has been most violent, apparently almost forcing me to fall, I have cast myself anew on the life of Jesus, and dared it to its victory over the death of sin; and thus, by naked faith, combated and conquered coldness of heart, and weariness of mind, and fierce assault of the powers of darkness.

At other times, when my spirit has been prostrated in bitter self-condemnation, and Satan urging upon me that, in some way, I had offended, I have cast myself upon him who trod the wine-press alone, imploring him, by that awful term of the wrath of God, to deliver me from this fiercest temptation, if, indeed, it were one; and then the fury of the adversary has been restrained; but not suddenly, not gloriously, only sufficiently to tell me that the life-giving stream flowed in.

O, the life of faith is, at times, a very hard one, but I have learned, by these temptations, to rejoice even in its difficulty. I glory in the hour of my greatest infirmity; for then the power of Christ most fully rests upon me; and the greatest triumph of the life of faith is when all is cold within and warring without,—when no animal spirits or kindling enthusiasm buoys up the soul, but when weary and heart-sick, I cast myself upon the life of Jesus, and thus become the mere vile medium through which that life rushes on to grapple with the death around.

Thus I walk on by faith, aided by but little sensible assurance, keeping near the cross, that the life-giving blood may every moment flow over me, doing the will of God with ease enough to convince me that it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me—with difficulty enough to prostrate my soul in the dust, and there swallow it up in ardent panting after the perfect obedience of the heavenly host. And, even in reference to that moment when I forsook myself and fled to Jesus, I will borrow the words of St. Augustine, for none appear to me so applicable: "O, Jesus Christ, my Helper and my Redeemer, how sweet became it to me to submit my neck to thy easy yoke, and my shoulders to thy light burden! And now my infant tongue began to converse with thee, my ambition, and my riches, and my salvation, my Lord God!"

These are my "notes by the way;" yet at the time, and for years after, I dare call this by no other name than "the life of faith;" and so great was my horror of applying the terms "holiness, or entire sanctification," to this simple, lowly walk, that, until the Holy Spirit, in your meetings, urged on my mind, the sin of refusing specific testimony to specific grace, I never bore, before the church and the world, the badge of my royal priesthood, "Holiness to the Lord." I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully.

E. R.

Righteousness without Christ.

THIS may, at first, seem an absurdity; but let us consider. Is it not a matter of conscious experience with many of us, that, though we may exhibit to ourselves and others, a zealous and symmetrical character for good works, we yet find in ourselves a very painful absence of the kingdom, of "righteousness, peace, and joy" in the Spirit?

Why is this? Why, after all, have we so little ease and aptness in our doings? Why are we so often in a state the very opposite of that sweet, quiet, apt, and divinely natural inward character, which is described in the word, and exhibited in the life of Jesus, as the believer's privilege? Is it not that the root and fountain of the matter is not in us? Doubtless, where the above is the experience, this is the reason.

We may have a righteousness, and one that looks well too, apart from God,—a character that, so far as the form and appearance is concerned, is hard to detect from the true,—"the righteousness of God."

And this may all be derived originally from the proper source,—God and the Scriptures. The great fault is, that it has been taken out of God, who is its life, and now is kept and practised apart from him, and his working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. Hence all is dead, cumbersome; and, to the heart and conscience, of bad odor, unsavory, and dissatisfactory. It is the "form without the power," the life from God.

To illustrate: A lady desires to ornament her piazza with an orange tree. Now suppose that, instead of taking the true course, which is to grow one from the seed, she goes to the orchard, the soil of which is producing them, and begins to select her material for her contemplated tree. She takes a trunk from here, and some branches there, and leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruit, from yonder. These

kind of which we have spoken, you confine God to time and place, and must necessarily confine yourself to times, seasons and places for co-union with him. The child is as much in union and concert with the parent when suffering and enduring its daily work, as when it unites in the refreshments and pleasures of the table. "Let us be wise, understanding what the will of the Lord is."

You speak of the "Lord's faithfulness to his promise toward you as a widow," etc. God will always be faithful to us, whether we trust him or not; "though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." It is a mistaken impression that the Lord's faithfulness depends upon our faith. Our faith gives us realization and comfort in him and his goodness, but does not change him. So with regard to his love toward us; it does not depend upon ours, or any thing in us; for he loved us while we were yet sinners, and all our goodness is but an influx of his. Therefore, the principle that trusts God according to what we see in ourselves is delusive.

You speak of "an increase of faith, notwithstanding, and of finding yourself less frequently in the 'Slough of Despond.'" This is the sequence of growth in the understanding of the truth as made plain by your spiritual teacher, who is leading you as fast as you permit, into a settled residence in the "New Jerusalem,"—the kingdom of peace, which has come down from God. Follow on, my sister! The day will come, when, in knowledge of, and conformity to, this spiritual life, you will "go no more out forever," however powerful the tempting inducement. Only do not be discouraged because you do not come to the "stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus" as fast as you, in your judgment, may have expected. And, by all means, my sister, do not longer harbor the thought that the constant and sympathizing love and presence of your Lord depends upon you. It is yours to be nothing but de-

ficiency, unworthiness, and weakness. It is his to be "all in all," and you "complete in him."

We have learned so much imperfectly, and also so much that is altogether wrong, that we find it a trying and apparently tedious process to unlearn, and come into "the truth as it is in Jesus." How hard for us wise ones to "become fools," and to "know nothing" that we may come into the true "wisdom which cometh down from above," with all its purity, peaceableness, and tenderness of compassion. But all will be accomplished if we only stay in the school and patiently listen to him who has promised to "take of these things and show them unto us," though it may be little by little as we are able to bear them.

As to my "freedom in giving you reproof," I have written with all liberty what has been given me without effort or premeditation, and in the full belief that you will gladly receive it as God shall apply. The Lord has truly put into my heart a warm desire for your advancement in spiritual things. Why he should employ a nothing like me to communicate to you, he only knows. But, as I "have freely received," his order is that I "freely give."

As to "my pitying your weaknesses," I can only say, it is certainly to be expected that one involved in as many will be touched with a feeling for you. But the truth is, we shall never see any thing else in ourselves, and hence are led to accept and reckon the strength and goodness of Jesus *as ours*. All is sweetness and unity. In the Spirit of Christ,

C. LAREW.

Ministerial Success.

RICHARD Baxter, somewhere in his published works, has a remark to the effect, that he never knew any considerable success from the brightest and noblest talents, nor the most excellent kind of preaching, and that even where the preachers themselves have been truly religious, if they

have not had a solicitous concern for the success of their ministrations. Uniform experience sustains the truth of this statement. It will not do for ministers to imitate the ostrich, which is said to lay her eggs in the sand, and then leave them regardless whether they come to life or not. It is not enough for a man to labor under a sense of duty, or of zeal for the honor of God, or even of love to the blessed Savior; there must be also a yearning for the salvation of men, "a passion for souls," as it has been called, if success is to be expected. Certainly this intense longing for saving results has marked all who have been eminent in winning souls. To the Master his own disciples applied the words, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up;" Paul speaks often of his heart's desire, his conflict, his wrestlings in prayer; the Scottish Reformer's burst of anguish was, "Give me Scotland or I die." And so in our own day. He whose great concern is to see men rescued from perdition, will preach with blood-earnestness, will steep every sermon in prayer, will come before his people as one standing in full view of the judgment seat.—[Christian Intelligencer.

Faith.

BLESSED be the hour in which I was first led to inquire into my own spiritual nature and destination! All my doubts are removed; I know what I can know, and have no fears for what I cannot know. I am satisfied; perfect clearness and harmony reign in my soul, and a new and more glorious existence begins for me.

My entire destiny I cannot comprehend. What I am to become, exceeds my present power of conception. A part, which is concealed from me, is visible to the Father of Spirits. I know only that it is secure, everlasting, and glorious. That part of it which is confided to me I know, for it is the root of all my other knowledge.

I know at every moment of my life what I have to do, and this is the aim of my

existence as far as it depends on myself. Since my knowledge does not reach beyond this, I am not required to go further. On this central point I take my stand. To this shall all my thoughts and endeavors tend, and my whole power be directed—my whole existence be woven around it.

It is my duty to cultivate my understanding, and to acquire knowledge, as much as I can, but purely with the intention of enlarging my sphere of duty. I shall desire to gain much, that much may be required of me. It is my duty to exercise my powers and talents in every direction, but merely in order to render myself a more convenient and better qualified instrument for the work I am called to do; for until the law of God in my heart shall have been fulfilled in practice, I am answerable for it to my conscience. It is my duty to represent, in my person, as far as I am able, the most complete and perfect humanity; not for its own sake, but in order that in the form of humanity may be represented the highest perfection of virtue. I shall regard myself, and all that in me is, merely as the means to the fulfilment of duty; and shall have no other anxiety than that I may be able, as far as possible, to fulfil it. When, however, I shall have once resolutely obeyed the law of conscience, conscious of the purest intentions in doing so; when this law shall have been made manifest in practice, I have no further anxiety; for, having once become a fact in the world, it has been placed in the hands of an eternal Providence. Further care or anxiety concerning the issue, were but idle self-torment; would exhibit a want of faith and trust in that Infinite Power. I shall not dream of governing the world in this place; of listening to the voice of my own limited understanding, instead of this voice in my conscience, and substituting for his vast and comprehensive plans, those of a narrow and short-sighted individual. I know that to seek to do so, would be to seek to disturb the order of the spiritual world.

* * * * *

No possible event has power to agitate me with joy or sorrow, for I look down calm and unmoved upon all, since I am aware that I am not able to understand events in all their bearings. All that happens belongs to the everlasting plan of Providence, and is, good in its place; how much in this plan is pure gain, how much is merely good as means to some further end, for the destruction of some present evil, I know not. I am satisfied with, and stand fast as a rock, on the belief, that all that happens in God's world, happens for the best; but what in that world is merely germ, what blossom, what fruit, I know not.

The only cause in which I can be deeply concerned, is that of the progress of reason and morality in the minds of rational creatures, and this purely for the sake of this progress. Whether I am the instrument chosen for this purpose, or another, whether my endeavors succeed or fail, is of no importance. I regard myself as a destined laborer in this field, and respect myself only inasmuch as I execute my task. I look on all the occurrences of the world, only in their relation to this object, and it matters not whether I, or another have the chief share in them. My breast is steeled against personal insults and vexations, a vain-glorious exultation in personal merit, for my personality has vanished in the contemplation of the great object before me.

Should it seem to me that truth has been put to silence, and virtue trampled under foot, and that folly and vice will certainly triumph; should it happen, when all hearts were filled with hope for the human race, that the horizon should darken around them as it had never done before; should the work, well and happily begun, on which all eyes were fixed with joyous expectation, suddenly and unexpectedly be turned into a deed of shame, yet will I not be dismayed; nor, if the good cause should appear to grow and flourish, the lights of

freedom and civilization be diffused, and peace and good-will amongst men be extended, shall yet my efforts be relaxed.

Those apparently melancholy events may, for aught I know, be the means of bringing about a good result; that struggle of folly and vice may be the last that they shall ever maintain, and they may be permitted to put forth all their strength, to lose it in one final defeat. Those events of apparently joyful promise may rest on an uncertain foundation; what I regarded as love of freedom, may be but impatience of restraint; what I attributed to gentleness and peacefulness, may originate in feebleness and effeminacy. I do not indeed know this, but it might be that I had as little cause to mourn over the one, as to rejoice over the other. All that I know is, that the world is in the hands of omnipotent Wisdom and Goodness, who looks through his whole plan, knows all its bearings, and will infallibly be able to execute whatever he intends. On this conviction I repose with a calm and blessed assurance.

—[Fichte's Destination of Man.

Life by Death.

AN oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts. It is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows—seemingly alone. What is the use of all this sturdiness, this strength, to itself? Why am I to stand here, of no use? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks. No herds can lie down under my shadow. I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves. I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak—good for nothing. While he yet spake, the axe was hewing its base. It died in sadness, saying, as it fell—"Many ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By-and-by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world; other parts form keel and rib of merchantmen; and having defied mountain storms, it now equally resists the thunder of the waves, and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of age. Thus the tree in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning, of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to posts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft feet of children, and tottering, frail patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle, and swayed the crippled limbs of age by the chimney-corner, and heard secure within, the roar of those old unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally useful, and did by its death what it could never do by its life. For so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless. But when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began!

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—John xii. 24.

How solemn is that sentence of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Not otherwise. Not while he lived, not while in full use of his faculties, and by direct power, but only when pierced, broken, slain, buried. Then his power grew in weakness, as in a soil, and death restored to him divine power.

This is a truth hidden from the wise and prudent. It is not a truth of nature, but of grace; and many wise men there be who would turn from it. But God has instructed the poor and heart-broken, so that at length they have learned that, when they are weak, they are strong; that they

only live when they die to self, and inherit all things when they cease to crave anything.—[Independent.

Forsaking God.

We take from the Independent some beautiful thoughts by its "Star" correspondent, under the head of "Forsaking God."

We have known men upon whose grounds waved magnificent trees of centuries' growth, lifted up into the air with vast breadth, and full of twilight at mid-day, who cut down all these mighty monarchs, and cleared the ground bare; and then, when the desolation was complete, and the fierce summer gazed full into their face with its fire, they bethought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowless sticks, pining and waiting till they should stretch out their boughs with protection, and darken the ground with grateful shadow. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life, the shadow of the Almighty, and sit, instead, under the feeble trees of their own planting, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never voice to them the music of the air.

Man is not made to be independent in his powers. With all his endowments, he is made to lean on every side for support; and, should his connections on either side be cut, he would droop and wither like a tree whose roots had been sundered.

The eye carries no light with it, but receives its sight from the numerous element without. The ear hath no sound within it, but only receives it from without. The tongue and the throat beat upon the air for vibrations, as a musician strikes for musical sounds; and if hindered in their connections, or broken from their dependencies, eye, ear, and tongue would fall back into voiceless darkness. And every bodily function is directly or mediately joined in the physical world in such a way that, while man is lord of cre-

ation, he is also its subject and dependent, and must ask leave to exist from the earth, the air, the sun, and the clouds.

These dependent relations symbolize the yet more important relations which the soul sustains to God. Man is not made to exist in rounded, perfect, and independent spiritual life, in his own right and nature. He only is a perfect man who has himself in the embrace of God. The soul divinely brooded receives its power. Our faculties, like the eye that must be filled with light from without, wait for their power from above. It is the divine energy, acting through the human faculty, that gives to man his real existence. Nor does any man know his power, his nature, his richness of emotion, the height and depth of his being, until he unfolds under the stimulus of God's imbreathed influence.

It is a fact full of blessedness to know that the soul has a relationship to God, personal, direct, vital, and that it grows and blossoms by it, while it languishes and dwarfs without it.

The body grows by its true connections with material nature; the social affections grow by their true relations to men and society, and the spiritual powers grow by their true relations to God. In the material world, the roots of trees are in the ground, while the top moves free above. But the soul roots upward, and so has its liberty down toward the earth. God is the soil in which men grow. We are the branches of Christ. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

But is not this a bondage and restriction? It is to selfishness, but not to love. Selfishness grows by shrinking; for concentration is the nature of selfishness. But love grows by pressing outward and evolving.

That we are bound to God is as great a restriction of our liberty as it is to a plant's freedom to be held by the sun; to the child's liberty that the double-orbed love

of father and mother bear it up from cradled nothingness to manly power; or to the human heart's liberty, when, finding another life, two souls move through the sphere of love, flying now with two wings, but one spirit. No man has come to himself who has not known what it is to be utterly forgetful of self in loving. And no man has yet learned to love who has not felt his heart beat upon the bosom of God. As a bird born in a cage, and singing there, amid short, impatient hops, from perch to wire, from wire to ring, and from ring to perch again, so is man unrenewed. As this bird, when darting through the opened door, it feels with wondrous thrill the wide sweep of the open air, and dare not sing for joy, but goes from ground to limb, from lower limb to higher, until the topmost bough be reached, and then, stooping for a moment, springs upward, and flies with wild delight, and fills the air, as it goes, with all the sounds of ransomed joy—so is the soul that learns first its liberty is in God, and goes singing heavenward in all "the light and liberty of the sons of God."

He who forsakes God for the sake of liberty is like a babe lost from its mother. They who refrain from God for the sake of pleasure are like men running from the free air to seek sunlight amid shadows and in dungeons. They who withdraw from God that they may have wider circuits of personal power, are like birds that should forsake the forests, and fly within the fowler's cage, to find a larger bound and wider liberty.—[Independent.]

If I wanted all people to admire our church, I would say nothing of its government, or its ritual, but I would make them feel and see that its ministers were so absorbed in their functions, that it is the most true church, because they are doing the work of ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—[Dr. Cumming.]

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

Christian Holiness.

A PASTORAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. F. BOTTOM, PASTOR OF M. E. CHURCH, NORWALK,
CONN.

NO. II.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—

From a careful consideration of the passages bearing on the subject of holiness, we learn:

1. That it is the will of God, even our sanctification, and that this will is not simply complacent, but authoritative and obligatory, and that, while every needful aid is vouchsafed in the promises to enable us to "work out our salvation," and attain to the blessed experience of the pure in heart, so that we may be able to testify that he "saves to the uttermost," on the other hand, the kingdom of heaven is carefully excluded from the hope of all those who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who are seeking to enter into the kingdom by some other way.

2. That, from the prayers and examples added to the commands and promises of the Bible on this important question, whatever be the nature of this state of grace, it is our privilege and duty to seek its attainment *now*, with all our heart, with the assurance that, if we seek, we shall find; inasmuch as it plainly appears that it must be obtained before death, and that the promises are conditional upon a present faith, precisely as the commands enjoin instant obedience.

3. That, from the terms which are used in the Scripture to express it, and the general explication of the doctrine throughout the sacred word, it clearly implies a being "cleansed from all unrighteousness;" being holy in heart and life; "a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light;" being "made perfect in love."

To use the very graphic and comprehensive definition of Dr. Adam Clarke, "Christian perfection is the restoration of man to

the state of holiness from which he fell, by creating him anew in Christ Jesus, and restoring him to that image and likeness of God which he has lost. A higher meaning than this it cannot have; a lower meaning it must not have. Sin defaced this divine image; Jesus came to restore it."

And, in perfect harmony with this is the definition of Mr. Wesley. "What, then, (asks Mr. W.) is the perfection of which a man is capable while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind! This is the sum of Christian perfection; it is all comprised in that one word *love*. The first branch of it is the love of God, and as he that loves God loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the second, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Thou shalt love every man as thy own soul, even as Christ loved us. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. These contain the whole of Christian perfection."

Such, in brief, is the scriptural definition of this great doctrine. A state of grace clearly held forth as the privilege of every believer *now*, and the absolute pre-requisite for an entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

Without presuming to offer an amendment or substitute for the very scriptural definitions just quoted, we would venture to say what we understand to be implied in them. What we understand to be implied, then, is, that "Christian perfection, or perfect love," as it is correctly termed, consists in the implantation of the principle of holiness in the heart, (in a fuller and more perfect sense than is enjoyed in a state of justification,) "through the operation of the faith of the Son of God," by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, by which the voluntary faculty is purified; and by this gracious cooperation, enabled to control the appetites and desires, (the sensibilities) of nature; or, as St. Paul expresses it, "to keep the body under," and cheer-

fully to exert itself in the practice of the divine will, directing and aiding the affections in centering in God as the object of their supreme regard. So that, while the will remains thus in lively union with the divine, and the heart is thus constantly purified by faith, there remains in the heart no more the propensions to sin, since all those propensions or affections are placed "on things above, and not on things on the earth."

Do I make it plain? Shall I put it in another form, which may be simpler? I understand, then, the principle of holiness in the sanctified soul to have a firmer and deeper hold than before upon the affections, that is, upon the natural dispositions, by reason of the complete renovation of the will, which is brought into a state of voluntary obedience to the will of God through the gracious ability given it by the indwelling Spirit of God, who now fills his earthly temple with his presence.

This blessed state of grace is the privilege of all; and yet, on careful examination, some of you may be convinced that, although you have good reason to believe that you are children of God, you have not yet "come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto perfect men, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Ephesians iv. 13. But do not suffer the enemy to gain advantage here, and tempt you to draw back, or be discouraged in the way. "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and "faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it;" "being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Common experience teaches us that the blessed privilege which we are trying to set before you is not enjoyed, as a general thing, by the believer, simultaneously with

his adoption into the family of God; but that some time elapses between the experience of one and that of the other. Often years intervene; and, not unfrequently, a believer does not receive it until just before death. Is God partial, then, in his gifts? Nay, but "God giveth to all men liberally." The fulness of a Savior's love, and the efficacy of the atonement, are as free after as at the moment of our adoption. The gift of the Holy Ghost is certainly more precious to us now than when we first believed. If he "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things?" "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life."

Do you ask, Why, then, do not believers receive this state of grace at an earlier period of their religious experience, seeing it is the common privilege of God's family?—We answer, first, with too many, alas, there is a drawing back from the path of obedience and love. Of too many, it may be said, they did run well for a season; they believed on the Lord Jesus Christ with all their hearts, and had peace and joy through believing. Their element was prayer, and their breath was praise. They cheerfully followed Jesus in the way. But, alas! they have left their first love. Prayer with them is a strange thing; or, at the best, a mere form. These cannot receive this gift, seeing they misuse the grace already given. These must needs repent, and do their first works over again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love God.

BY MAHALA GOWRAN.

LOVE is the most sublime affection that can pervade the human mind; and it is the first duty of every intellectual being, to love God supremely. For reason, as well as inspiration, commands us to love him. Love dwells in the bosom of seraphs, and

qualifies them to execute the commands of the "King of kings." This sublime affection must live in all hearts, or those hearts cannot be right in the sight of God.

We presume there is not an intellectual creature, who has arrived to the years of understanding, but indulges the hope that they will have a happy existence beyond the tomb. Well, if we would dwell among the blest in heaven, we must cultivate those heavenly dispositions, and pursue that course of action through life, that will qualify us for the enjoyments of heaven. For it must be impossible to be happy, even in heaven, unless we understand the nature of its enjoyments. For can we be happy in any place, if our minds are *not* imbued with a relish for the contemplations and the enjoyments appropriate to that place? We think not.

What happiness would persons whose minds had been *wholly absorbed* in the acquisition of wealth, and other worldly pursuits, experience in the society of angels, and the "spirits of just men made perfect"? Why, none at all; they would of course be unhappy. *All* the exercises of heaven would be uncongenial to their minds; they would almost loathe the sight and sounds of the celestial "harps," used by the redeemed.

The basis of future happiness, is laid in "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." We must let the *Divine Spirit* direct, and aid us, in counteracting the wrong propensities of our nature, that we may yield "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," to the end of life. For the Bible informs us that we must "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which, no man shall see the Lord."

May you and I, dear reader, love God supremely; then, when we have passed through death's portal, together, we can range the green meadow-lands of heaven, and participate in the joys of that *shining place*, prepared by Jesus, for those who love God with all their hearts.

Griswold's Mills, New York.

The Great West.

Revival at Mount Vernon Seminary, Iowa—
Testimony of a Student—Other Revivals—
"Dark lanterns"—Temptations of the West
—Best Capital—Religious Prospects in Davenport—Dress, and Outward Adorning.

THE following letter, addressed to her father, from one of the students of Mount Vernon Seminary of this State, (Iowa,) is such a pure, undressed story of the grace that saves to the uttermost, that I cannot forbear sending it to the Guide. It sent a thrill of pleasure to my heart, and I think it will to others. On hearing it read, I solicited a copy, and unexpectedly it may come under the eye of the writer. I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken. It was only designed for a "precious father's" eye; but ah, this is what the world wants, the heartfelt, unvarnished story of the power of the cross. The Lord has been pouring out his spirit largely in Mount Vernon during the past winter. We understand that nearly two hundred have united with the church there since Conference, and a number of the students in the seminary have been the happy subjects of God's changing grace. Many others also are seeking and enjoying "like precious faith" with this happy daughter. She says, "This is, indeed, the place where God reigns." The secret is, they have a holy faculty. Happy students! Happy teachers! But to the letter.

MY PRECIOUS FATHER,—I feel it my duty as well as privilege, to tell you what great things the Lord has done and is doing among us here. Twelve last night experienced the blessing of *holiness of heart*. Among the number was your unworthy daughter. But still I am at times fearful I have not the *full* blessing; but this I *do* know, that I *love* Jesus with my whole heart. O, what a precious season we had in my room last night! I know that I shall ever look on it as the time when I first began to know what true happiness is. O, my dear father, I thank you that you ever sent me to Mount Vernon; for I feel that it is a place where God indeed reigns.

I am so easily led astray. My greatest trouble is, that I shall lose the presence of my dear Savior, and I should be perfectly miserable if I should so do.

Pa, I know you pray for me every day; but I would ask you to pray especially for me now, that I may ever be happy in a Savior's love, and never turn back to my wicked ways.

Such class-meetings as we do have! The room is generally crowded, from fifty to sixty being present. Most all have something to tell of the goodness of God to them.

School closes in two weeks. I feel glad that, at the end of that time, I shall see you all; but still I do not want to leave this dear place, where I have passed so many happy hours. I have many dear friends here, and it will be hard to part with them, expecting never to see them again; but I have dearer friends at home that I shall see: and this thought causes a thrill of pleasure to pervade my breast. * * * I hope, some day, partially (I never can fully) to repay you for your goodness and kindness. I remain, as ever, your unworthy but loving daughter.

Mt. Vernon Seminary, }
Feb. 23, 1857. }

KATE.

Nor has the work been confined to Mount Pleasant. In other portions of the work, the cause of God has been greatly blessed and prospered. Our own district, (Davenport,) has shared largely in the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit. A powerful work has been going on in Tipton, a few miles distant; and also in Le Claire, where lives our presiding elder, who is abundant in labors, and strong in faith. God giveth the increase.

"We'll lay our trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all."

We have many choice spirits in the "West," who are shining lights. We like shining lights. There are too many among us who are rightfully called "dark lanterns." "If the light in us be darkness, how great is that darkness!" It was so in the East; alas! it is so in the West,—this far-famed West, which has heretofore been noted for deep, simple, genuine

piety generally. We would not now bring an evil report of the land. O, no; the land is good, beautiful, so much so that a great many cannot, or rather do not, withstand the temptation, "All this will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Doubtless a great many who felt themselves nearly as secure as the Son of God, have *fallen down* and worshipped—the land—we fear never to rise again. Some of our ministers too (are there not many?) are often ready to exclaim, with St. Paul, "Am I not free?"—omitting the first question in the verse, "Am I not an apostle?" O if Paul, with his overcoming faith, found it necessary to "keep his body under, and bring it into subjection, lest that, by any means, when he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway," what will become of those without half his grace! Surely the best *capital* for preachers or people to start with, in coming to this western country, is a *heart fully consecrated to God*. It is dangerous to come without it; without this, none can succeed in doing good, which indeed is the Christian's only business on earth.

Religion is prospering well here in Davenport. We have two Methodist churches in the city. The one, of which my husband is pastor numbers nearly three hundred. The Lord has blessed us with a revival of his work during a few months past; between thirty and forty have experienced religion, and united with the church. Many of our members have been greatly quickened to duty, and several entered into the rest of perfect love. Among them are a number of young men, who bid fair for great usefulness in the world. O, what looks more beautiful and noble than to see our young men and women having on the whole armor, zealous for God! How few of them we have! O, that the mantle of those of our fathers and mothers, who were pure in heart, might rest upon the youth of the church! Here is our hope. How careful, then, should we be to set a good, a right example before them,—an example that

will be safe for them to follow! If we want our children and our young members to be model Christians, we must be so ourselves. If we want them to love our discipline and our doctrines, we must prove, by our strict adherence to them, they are worth loving. When we tell them that God's word, and the rules of our church forbid their attending those places of amusement, reading those books, singing those songs, which are not for the glory of God, let us also tell them too that they forbid the "putting on of gold and costly apparel." Parents may afford it, but God's word does not justify it. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, etc., but let it be even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; for after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves." "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but—which becometh women professing godliness—with good works."—1 Peter iii. 3. Who would dream, on looking at professing Christians in these days, that there were such passages in the word of God? Nor does our discipline allow it. A large number of our members appear to be ignorant of this. Some Christians, even in this favored and enlightened land, *cannot read*. Who will tell them? Alas! who will tell them? O, may we all be led in the path of righteousness and peace.

F. E. K.

Davenport, Iowa, March, 1857.

GOD's goodness makes his majesty amiable, and his majesty makes his goodness wonderful. His love is not abated by his goodness, nor his greatness by his love. His boldness hinders him not from dwelling with the poor in spirit.

The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.—[St. Peter.

The Stranger's Burial Ground.

It was an evening of unsurpassed beauty as we left the little church at City Point Virginia. "Will you walk to the Stranger's Burial Ground?" said my friend, as he drew my arm in his, "it is about a mile distant." I consented, and we turned our steps in that direction. On each side of our walk, for about three-fourths of a mile, a row of tall, red cedars, spread their beautifully berried foliage, casting a delightful shade. The sun was near the horizon, and the long, dark shadows of the trees, and the bright rays of the sun as they fell beside them, made us feel as if on fairy ground. We were going to visit the last home of the poor lone seaman. A melancholy beauty seemed to cover the face of nature, as we were lost for a time in meditation; for who could tell, in that land of fevered air, who would next be placed beneath the sod, or if a prayerless burial-service was in reserve for us?

The "Queen's County Road," over which we sped our way, is very level, and the soil sandy. On one side, are the farms or corn plantations, on the other, the banks of the river Appomattux, covered with lofty cedars, pines, and under-growth of small wood and hawthorn, whose slender branches bend to the tenaciously clinging ivy, or the climbing rose tree. As we frequently paused to ascertain if we had reached the entrance to the "burial ground," the scenery was lovely beyond any power of description. I recollect one opening in particular. We stood upon a high mound, the rays of the setting sun tinged the glassy surface of the river so deeply, and the reflection was so unlike any thing of the kind which had ever met my gaze, that for a moment I could hardly determine where the horizon and river met. An autumnal sunset in Virginia, must be seen to be appreciated. The horizon is of a deep, yet delicate golden hue, gradually becoming paler, until it nearly reaches mid-heaven, and blends with the softest, clearest blue imaginable. Such a sky, mirrored in

the sand-colored waters, filled our hearts with adoration of the Deity, and a deep sense of the utter inability of man in attempting to *pencil in years, what He could form by saying*, "Let there be light." On closer examination, a gentle bending of the tall, rank grass, showed that footsteps had been there, and guided us to the desired spot. "Here is the 'burial ground,'" said my friend, as we looked towards a small patch of cleared ground. It was a semicircle, the forest and river forming its boundaries. I eagerly advanced, and looked for an enclosure, however rude, for a monumental marble, for some trace of the hand of friendship, quite forgetting it was the "*Stranger's* burial ground," forgetting that no wife or child, father or mother, sister or brother, had been there to shed a tear over the remains of loved ones, or see them deposited in their last, long home. The rain and dews alone, could moisten their graves. 'Tis a sad, sad thing to die alone uncared for! At length I discovered three monuments, two to the memory of quite young shipmasters, from Portsmouth, N. H., whose names I cannot recall, they died in eighteen hundred and twenty; and a lad of seventeen years, from Newburyport, Mass. I can but sympathize with the afflicted friends of that boy, because my own son, of only eighteen summers had just been buried in the sea. The fences which once surrounded them, were lying in fragments around. A shipmate had placed a slab of pine at the head of a grave, with "T. C." rudely carved upon it. The other graves were placed irregularly, as if the sexton said to himself, "I will bury the dead out of my sight," and then he dug his narrow house, coolly turned and left him there, thinking more of the remuneration for his services, than of the woes and sufferings of others.

Sick at heart, I sought to find if nature had not done something to beautify this man-neglected spot, where the tempest-tost mariner calmly sleeps. The river swept gently by, its rippling waves leaving

the shore at our feet, teaching the lesson, we are ever changing. Its opposite banks were covered with swamps and a dense forest, in which no habitation could be seen. Thus were the occupants of this "*Stranger's* burial," literally left alone. The cedars and pines caught the breeze which passed over the water, and seemed sighing a sweet requiem over the dead, so low, so hushed, so scarcely perceptible, that we felt it would be intrusion upon their song to utter language.

Slowly and silently we commenced retracing our steps. I plucked a sprig from the bough of a cedar, which overhung our path, thinking perchance, I might meet a friend of those whose graves I have described, and give it to them as a memento of once living, now faded, beauty.

Little did I then imagine, that the loved one by my side, would find a stranger burial-place in three short weeks. Not in the earth, though it were fitting for him who toils for the landsman to rest upon the soil. The broad Atlantic rolls over his corse, while its surges are speaking in varying tones to all on the voyage of life, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Saco, April, 1857.

C. W. J.

A Missionary's Experience.

"In perils oft."

The following off-hand sketches are from the pen of one who, for fifteen years, has labored as a missionary among the Indians, preaching the whole gospel, i. e., pardon to sinners, and holiness to believers. They contain some stirring incidents, illustrating the power of God in keeping his servants, and the efficiency which accompanies the preaching of full salvation, even among savages.

In the year 1835, I professed the blessing of perfect love at Overalls camp ground, Wilson county, Tennessee. I commenced preaching it, though young in years, and in the ministry. My presiding elder told me

he thought it a very intricate subject, and he did not feel himself competent to explain it. I simply told him I should enforce the duty, and I thought that was plain. I did that, and God owned it in the congregation. Though a boy amidst my seniors, I preached and urged it, and many were melted to tears, and would raise their hearts and hands to seek it. I felt impressed to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, as a missionary, but the church did not send me. In 1836, I was transferred to Arkansas conference at its first session. Though a new country, I preached and urged the necessity of holiness.

I preached on Black River on the subject, from the text, "Let us go on to perfection." One lady, powerfully convicted of the necessity of it, asked me home with her to dinner. She ate nothing, and, after dinner, left the room. She was gone an hour or more, when she returned and said she was afraid she had done wrong. She had vowed never to put another mouthful in her mouth until God gave her a clean heart. I told her I never met with any thing of the kind before, but God was as much concerned for her soul as body.

I asked her if she was willing to profess it if God would give it to her. She said she was willing to do any thing. At that instant, God sent the blessing to her soul, and she praised God all the evening. Afterwards, in class meeting, she arose, and testified, in a clear, strong voice, that she had the blessing of perfect love, and expected the witness. All were convinced of her sincerity, and were led to seek it for themselves. Thus the church was greatly revived and built up. Many around the circuit were praying for it. Our love feasts were powerful. In one, a young man seeking holiness arose to tell his feelings on the subject. Speaking to him, I said, "Brother, it is here—It is love—Jesus now gives it you."

With a suppressed breath, and eyes uplifted, he cried,

"Yes, bless God, I have it."

He was like a firebrand, a burning and shining light.

I do not recollect how many professed this grace, but the church was all alive, in seeking it; and, as is always the case, it brought them out to their duties and interests. I consider but two states in religion safe. One is *where we are going* to perfection; another is *where we have it*.

I travelled in Hempstead county, Arkansas. Here I met with opposition. I was anxious to get on unbroken ground, where Christ was not named. Strange to say, my presiding elder sent me to travel a circuit on Sulphur Fork, Texas. A preacher had gone there the year before, but was driven off by the wickedness of the people, there being no law or gospel in the land. I found a dreadful state of things; but I visited the new-formed settlements, preached and formed societies—little bands, in the midst of general persecution. The strong ruled over the weak; the sheriff could do nothing; they defied him with pistols and bowie-knives. The horse-thief and murderer ranged at large. I was anxious to test my spirit, and I had a fair chance to do it from extreme suffering with hunger, cold, and the loss of most of earth's comforts. I thought I never knew what suffering was before. Often, I was left with a scant supply of food, being dependent mostly upon the game. I lay out in the wilderness in cold and rain. One night, I lay out by a dense forest, edging on the prairie and bottom land. I had no fire, and was very cold. I arranged my saddle-bags, and saddle for my pillow, and offered up my soul to God. The wild beasts were numerous,—panthers, wild-cats, wolves and catamounts. I felt this a hard trial, and the devil tempted me sorely; but in prayer my resting-place was made like Jacob's sanctuary. I walked most of the night across a prairie, to keep myself from freezing. In the morning, my horse was gone. I got to a house, and, after warming myself and taking something to eat, returned for my saddle-bags and saddle. Packing

all on my back, I started on. Overcome by fatigue, I was compelled soon to stop and rest. I sat on a log, with my pack on, and went to sleep, and about eleven o'clock waked up with my burthen still on my back. Another night I slept out, where, a short time before, they had killed some two hundred rattlesnakes. On another night, I lost myself on the Grand Prairie. It rained on me all night, and I had nothing to eat from Sunday night until Wednesday morning, ten o'clock, but a small piece of corn bread.

I had trials of other kinds. Through the divine blessing, we raised some good societies that walked in the truth; but we had many adversaries. One, named Ward, travelled a circuit for the avowed purpose of having frolics where we had meetings. He would frequently meet me, and ask me how I came on. I told him very well. He said he would have a frolic on Saturday night, where I had raised a new society, and would have them dancing. I told him he would not; nor was he permitted to.

I will continue these letters should they prove acceptable to your readers, through my labors with the Indians of near fifteen years. Yours in love. E. B. DUNCAN.

Pine Grove, Gadsden Co., Florida.

The Doctrine of the Sealing of the Spirit.

BY MRS PALMER.

"After that ye believed ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise."

THOUGH we do not believe in the attainment of a state of final and *unconditional* perseverance, where we may not be in danger of yielding to the tempter, and falling from our steadfastness, yet we do believe, that it is the privilege of the believer to attain to a state of such conscious abiding in Christ, that there may be a divine conviction inwrought in the heart, of our ultimate steadfastness and final salvation. Yes, our *goings* in the highway of holiness, may be established. We may be divinely persuaded, that "neither death nor life,

nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." And this special state of grace, I do not doubt, is the result of a special act of eternal and absolute devotion on the part of the creature. This state implies the absorption of all the redeemed powers in the service of the Redeemer. It contemplates a *whole burnt* sacrifice, calling forth ever-consuming zeal, whose manifestations may often call the devoted disciple to feel, that he that is perfect shall be in reproaches and sufferings, even as his Master. The cost being counted, and the sacrifice made, he who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, sets the seal, and the ever-consuming flame of all-absorbing love, energizes and impels the soul in holy endeavors for the salvation of man. And this is the endowment from on high, which the Sanctifier imparts to those who thus set themselves wholly apart, to be specifically answerable to all the self-sacrificing duties of their high calling. And who, that has thus received this sealing of the Spirit, but feels that it is an ever-abiding secret of power? Said a dear ambassador for Christ, who was in our hearing, speaking of the desirableness of this grace, "Often when I would fain strike a bold stroke for God, the tempter says, hold! be not too fast, you may yet fall away from your steadfastness; then, how the precious cause you so much love, will be dishonored!" It is due to the glory of grace to say that this beloved minister was enabled, on the same day, soon after we heard these long-ing utterances, to feel that he was empowered, by the Spirit, to lay hold upon the promise, "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment, and in loving-kindness and in mercies." The doctrine of the Sealing of the Spirit, is a Bible doctrine, and not at variance with the doctrines taught by Wesley, and other fathers of Methodism.

The Leaven Working.

WE clip the following from the Golden Rule, a faithful reprover of all forms of sin, edited by a Presbyterian Clergyman. Hallelujah to God in the Highest, that among all evangelical denominations, this central truth of our Christianity is becoming more and more the subject of discussion, and prayerful consideration.

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

BROTHER NEWTON.—Notwithstanding my partiality for your little monthly, because of its faithfulness and earnestness in rebuking popular vices and evils, I must enter my dissent against the doctrine taught under the above heading. I refer to your position that "perfect holiness is attainable in this life."

You cannot find better men on earth than those who held contrary doctrines. Augustine, Luther, Baxter, Edwards, and hosts of such eminent men, held and taught the contrary. Who are worthy of higher praise? Who has approached nearer to perfect sanctification? Besides, as good men as tread this earth still differ with you.—N. R. J.

Thank you, Brother Johnson, your honesty and sincerity, we doubt not. We are pleased, too, when you have honest objections, for you to state them. But suppose these great and good men did not entertain the views of entire sanctification in this life, what now? Moreover, suppose no one has entertained them up to the present, shall we deny the doctrine for this reason? "To the law and to the testimony." "Let God be true, though all men be liars." Let us not pin our faith to any man's sleeve. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes, the greatest and best of men, even *angels*. No marvel at all that these beloved servants of God disbelieved, and rejected the doctrine of holiness. It would be a far greater marvel had they believed and advocated it, considering their early habits, education, their creeds, confessions, their old school, stereotyped

theology, with no books, no teachers, to impart light on this blessed glorious doctrine of the Bible. Instead of enjoying these favored privileges, they were taught, from early life on the lap, in the nursery, in the house of God, in their theological training, to look upon the doctrine of perfect love, of being dead to sin, and alive to God through Jesus Christ in this life, as heresy, fanaticism, a great error, as unscriptural, dangerous! These inculcations were stereotyped, rooted and grounded; they grew with their growth, strengthened with their strength. God have mercy on their teachers, their blind guides! And still, with all these counter influences, deeply rooted, their hearts were better than their heads. These glorious gospel views did burst out, notwithstanding. These good men *did*, at times, preach them, pray them, live them, enjoy them, when they lost sight of their *shibboleths*; when not encased in their creeds and early prejudices. The wife of President Edwards, came into this fulness of the gospel, drank deeply at the *Living Fountain*, and lived a holy, sanctified life. So also, did James B. Taylor. The Bible, alone, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, led them, step by step, to glory unspeakable! Had they come out publicly, testified to the sanctification of their souls, would they not have been looked upon as fanatics, creed reprobated, cast out? Mark the glaring inconsistencies of some of our ablest commentators. At one time, when not sustaining a peculiar theory, they speak all we ask, all God could have them speak. The very next breath, almost, they kick over the bucket—contradict themselves, egregiously, ridiculously! So it will be till they open their eyes, and declare, "*all the words of this life*,"—so long as they wear this straight jacket, stretch themselves on a bed of iron. How long ere we cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils? "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to the earth, in that very day his thoughts perish." Who esteems these great and good men more highly, Brother Johnson,

than your unworthy servant? Luther, Calvin, Scott, Baxter, Edwards, and their contemporaries! Still, shall we embrace their errors, continue in this treadmill business? bow to this oppressive galling yoke of inbred sin? Carry about the body of this death, which our fathers were not able to bear? Neither are we able. Why not take God at his word, receive the promised gift, purchased; rise, shake ourselves, leap joyfully into the limpid streams of free, full, flowing salvation! proclaim the glad tidings! Beloved, you know, I know, every one ought to know, that the world cannot be saved at "this poor dying rate," with the present low standard of piety in the church—never. But our space is occupied. If there be any other point in your communication, not referred to in our previous numbers, please notice it—we are at your service.

Sweet Water—River Mona.

BY ELLIS INGLIS.

SWEET water! Sweet water!
The crystal-browed daughter,
Of evening's cloud golden,
With thy white wing unfolden,
On on thou art winging
To thy mission with singing.

Thus making the wildwood,
The sear-cheek and childhood,
All turn into smiling,
When comes the beguiling,
Of thy white bells all ringing,
Like morning light singing.

The bearer of nectar,
The pure heart's reflector,
To all thou art moving,
With steps light and loving,
Unpausing yet living,
In striving and giving.

Oh give us, bright spirit,
Such bloom to inherit!
That wastes not, that faints not,
Though on the rocks treading.—
Pressing on all unwearied,
Through glades glad or dreary,
To the sunshine still clinging,
With singing—with singing.

Why it is.

BY REV. SAMUEL V. LEECH.

AMONG the many beautiful contributions which adorn the July number of the "Guide," the article entitled, "Why is it?" impressed my mind by the importance of the question propounded. The experience of the writer, as narrated in connection with the investigation of the inquiry, was full of interest, and doubtless embodied the general experience of nearly every Christian enjoying the blessing of "perfect love." The inquiry, so earnestly enforced, suggested to my mind the following answer to that question:

As a people, we are becoming ashamed of this doctrine, on account of the self-denial and sacrifice of worldly pleasure which its practice requires, and the separation from the world which its possession demands.

That the general character of the Methodist Episcopal Church has undergone a great change, respecting her peculiarity as a Christian denomination, cannot be denied. Forty years ago, we maintained a position as a people which separated us from the plaudits and approbation, both of other denominations, and the world around us. To be a "Methodist" involved the scorn of fashionable Christians, as well as the contempt of those who made life's highest aim the gratification of earthly desire and ambition. Like the apostles, we breasted the withering storm of persecution, and stood like an ocean rock, firm and unshaken, while the waves of unpopularity were rolling over us. When a man proclaimed to the world his love for Methodism, a whirlwind of contempt raged around him; the ban of fashion's votaries was immediately placed upon him, and he was immediately exiled from the circles of the "Upper Ten." Methodism had bidden the pleasures of the world farewell,—had severed the tie which was binding the church of God to the kingdom of Satan, and shone forth in her unspotted purity, like a lone star from the cloud-covered firmament. At that time,

the class-room was filled with those whose hearts were on fire with love to God and the church,—those who could say,—

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
While often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

In "spirit and in truth," they could encourage each other in the Christian warfare, saying:

"Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And, when the conquest you have won,
Then crowns of victory you shall wear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
Forevermore."

The love-feast brought every member to his post, where, for an hour, they feasted upon Jesus. No moments passed unoccupied; but scores were ever ready to confess Christ before men, that he might confess them when he came to make up his jewels. They felt the need of Christian union and sympathy, for they found no fellowship with the world—no sympathy from professed Christians.

Then the prayer circle found scores mingling their petitions, while, with united hearts and voices, they wrestled like Jacob, for the blessing of God. The atmosphere of heaven encircled them, while they held "converse with Deity." They mingled in

"— A scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat,"—

while the Holy Ghost was descending in pentecostal showers upon them. Hallowed prayer was breathed, which went up accompanied by many a responsive "amen" as sweet incense before the throne.

That was a day of revival, when the car of salvation rolled through the church, and strong men melted into tears as they bowed like bulrushes before God, crying for mercy. It was a day when men were thrust out into the vineyard who spoke as if the curtain of eternity was raised, and

the scenes of a future world were passing in living reality before them. "Entire consecration to God" was their theme whenever they preached "Christ crucified." "Holiness unto the Lord" was graven, in letters of fire, upon their banners, and was the battlecry of the church,—the watchword of every pulpit. It was a theme upon which they loved to dwell, while their souls feasted upon the bliss of holiness, and the glories of heaven loomed up before them. It was their highest glory that, in sacrificing the world, they became identified with the "sacramental host of God's elect."

But how different is the position occupied by the church to-day! How marked the contrast! No longer is a "Methodist" an object of persecution. No longer is "Methodism" branded with unpopularity. In winning the friendship of other denominations, she has descended from that high position she had occupied; from which she caught the first beams of the Sun of Righteousness,—the first showers of divine grace, and lived nearest the fountain of everlasting life. She has lain her head upon the lap of that modern Delilah,—popular favor,—where, like Samson, she will be shorn of the great source of her spiritual strength and power. She is fast ranking herself with the various denominations of the land, and lowering the standard of holiness, which has been the grand secret of her success.

How many of our ministers now ascend the pulpit to proclaim the great doctrine of "entire holiness"? How many of them enjoy the blessed spiritual privileges, and rich Christian experience, which its possession affords? Are not ministers and members becoming ashamed to proclaim such a doctrine? Have we not, as a church, as a people, almost erased this grand tenet from our practical theology, and yielded the "central idea" of our holy religion?

And, "Why is it?" Certainly not because we believe it to be unscriptural; for it is thundered upon us from almost every page of the sacred record. "Be ye, there-

fore, perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy." It is certainly not because they doubt its attainability in this life, for its hallowed influences are exhibited to them by the "daily walk and conversation" of those whose affections, desires, and passions have been moulded beneath its purifying power; while their dying experience gives additional evidence of its value and importance. The murmuring of the cold waters of Jordan fall like the sweet echoes of heavenly music upon their ears. The fading scenes of this world give place to the glories of the heavenly world, as they loom up in undying beauty before their rapt vision, and the blessed promise of their Savior gilds their dying moments with "joy unspeakable and full of glory;"—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Few if any of those who are silent upon this great subject, or who deny its truth, do so from a full and complete conviction of its fallacy, after seeking wisdom and light from above; but so desirous are they to cling to the world and to Christ, that they cherish the fond hope that the favor of God attending a state of justification will insure their spiritual interests here, and introduce them, in the morning of eternity, into an inheritance, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." They desire to be as much conformed to the world as the interests of their deathless spirits will possibly allow. Instead of making life's great object a desire to live to the highest usefulness to man, and the most complete acceptability to God, they endeavor to live with only enough religion to keep the spark of divine love from going out in an eternal night, falsely trusting that, when the chilling shadows of the "valley of the shadow of death" are gathering around them, God will rekindle it, that its blessed light may be sufficient to illumine the dark passage into the world of spirits.

Let us again grasp our falling standard, and, lifting it high as the eternal arches of the skies, plant it upon every mountain-top, wave it over every ocean island, until "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be engraven upon the "bells of the horses," and "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Holiness of God's House.

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever."
—Psalm xciii. 5.

THIS passage was the scripture quotation upon the "Wesleyan Methodist Quarterly Ticket for march, 1857." In homily upon the text, the Christian Miscellany quotes as follows from St. Augustine's Commentary:

"Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord—thine house—all thine house. Not here, not there, not yonder, but all thine house throughout all the world. Why throughout all the whole world? Because he hath chastened the whole world, that his house may not be troubled.

"The house of the Lord is strong, and it shall be extended throughout all the world. Many shall fall, but that house must stand. Many shall be in trouble, but that house shall not be moved. Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord. But is this for a short time? God forbid. Forever!"

"Augustine," says the Miscellany, "ascends toward the height of this grand argument with a firm and well measured step; but, as if his powers had exhausted themselves in the effort, he fails to dwell on the glorious conclusion,—the holiness which becomes the house of God. But his defect was not a want of intellectual power, but of spiritual light. He and his compeers did not clearly apprehend the gospel truth as to personal sanctification which is propounded so distinctly and forcibly by the inspired writers of the New Testament. Their notions of Christian truth were too far away out of themselves. The whole

church was overshadowed in the like obscurity; and, as the finest conceptions of God and of his kingdom in the world are insufficient to feed the soul which hungers and thirsts after God, those famous preachers could not keep the church in purity, and God's work almost expired in their hands. Let us aim higher. Let us remember that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that each member of the whole church, not here, or there, or yonder, but that each member of all the Lord's house, throughout all the world, may be cleansed by faith in the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and be presented faultless to God the Father, of every soul, as it is ransomed by the blood of the atoning Lamb, may be cleansed from every stain by the grace and power of the Holy Spirit.—[Ladies' Repository.

God works by Means.

BY YOUNG JONAH.

DURING a period of three weeks' vacation, being liberated from the pressure of study, and the confinement incident to a college life, we had the privilege of assisting in a revival, in the thriving village of C—. Although we were deprived of the enjoyment realized by many of our fellow-students, in mingling with the circles of home, yet the inward feeling of disappointment seemed to be lost in the flood of joy, that filled our breast, as we saw the kingdom of Christ advancing, and the cause of religion progressing,—and those who previously had been slaves to sin, drawn into liberty, and rejoicing in the freedom of salvation.

As soon as we were liberated from our studies, we directed our course to the village referred to above; which is neat, and, though small, bids fair for a comfortable and delightful location for the great, as well as the peasant. It would take up too much of your valuable space, even if it were possible to find words to express, the

state of mind, in which we engaged in that enterprise, or to state the pleasing incidents which characterized that revival in its progress.

The cloud, though dense, as it hung over us, as we first tremblingly unfurled the banner of the cross, began to move slowly before the influences of the Spirit. After we had, for a few nights, engaged in that revival, an evident triumph seemed to result from the trust which we had imposed upon a higher power than man. Night after night, sinners were flocking to Christ, and were enabled to rejoice in the pardoning love of God.

But we must return to the subject upon which the heading of our article directs us to treat. A few nights previous to the close of that revival, might be seen, in the congregation, a man whom we shall style as Brother R. His wife had been a member of the church, but, through carelessness, had lost, in some measure, the favor which she once enjoyed. Her husband seemed to feel continually a sense of duty; but had, up to that period, (at any rate, for some years,) choked the good influences which were brought to bear upon him. We remember the time when he first came to the altar of prayer, at the meeting referred to. There seemed to be no feelings of contrition manifested or pictured upon the countenance,—but, from the sentiments which he at times uttered, we might infer that the Spirit was working inwardly. However, he afterwards stated, that although he had felt little or no peculiar exercise of mind, he came to the important and wise conclusion, with no other idea than this, "If I died in my present state, I shall be lost; therefore I will have religion." And with such a powerful sense of duty, he made the start and sought mercy. Never shall we forget the feelings of soul, realized by us, as we watched that brother approach the penitent bench, night after night, seemingly no happier than when he first started. He had thus come forward for a few nights, seeking and finding not.

His soul seemed ready to sink beneath the deep sorrow which he manifested at the delay of his Comforter. One night he arose and said: "Dear friends, I came to this place to seek mercy. I really believe, although I have been forward for a few nights, I am more unhappy than I have ever been! I believe that I am worse than I was! I am afraid that I have sinned away the day of grace"!! A thrill went through the hearts of the congregation, as he uttered the latter sentence! We talked with, and visited him, and never did we see a man more determined to overcome every obstacle to obtain religion, than was Brother R. When an opportunity was given for those who wished to join the church, to do so, he arose and said, "Dear friends, I believe I am not worthy to enter the church, but, if it will do me any good, I will do so. *I am determined if there is mercy for me, to be a Christian.*"

And thus he seemed to labor to obtain peace for his troubled mind, and peace for his disturbed conscience. What the hindrance was, we could not tell! but, judging from the anxiety manifested, we think that, whatever it might be, it was unknown to Brother R. He seemed willing to do anything, to obtain the pardon of God, and the witness of his adoption.

Night after night rolled round, and brought the last night of the protracted exercise in which we could possibly remain. We thought of that brother, and seemed anxious that, even at the close of those delightful exercises, he should be set at liberty. *We made it a special subject of prayer*, and we think that the earnestness manifested on our part, was more than equalled on his part.

We entered upon the engagements of that night, with feelings of a mixed character. We felt gratitude for the past,—we felt a deep sorrow in parting with those whom we had seen rejoicing in the Lord, and, at whose homes of charity, we had spent so interesting a vacation. Our minds were characterized with a more than ordi-

nary degree of solemnity, as we saw that night, in that small place of worship, thirteen seeking the blessing of holiness; but that degree of solemnity was by no means reduced, as our eyes rested upon the brother referred to, struggling for the removal of that burden, which so long had borne his spirit down in sorrow. *He struggled! He was in earnest! But ah! the cloud still rested upon him!*

We engaged in a fellowship meeting, which we shall never forget till death. The joy realized by some was such as to impede utterance, and to create feelings which choked every sentiment which they might try to express, except the word *glory!* Many were the souls that were blessed on that occasion. But Brother R. still rested beneath the bitterness of guilt, and unpardoned sin! It was now past eleven o'clock, as he, tremblingly and sorrowful, arose from his seat, and said, "Although I am not happy, I am determined to struggle till I find mercy. I have been awfully exercised, and it has been hard to bear! But,"—here his bitter feelings choked his words, and he sat down. There was a breathless silence! We shall never forget the deep solemnity of that moment. The silence was finally broken, by an old lady, a member of the "church of England," who arose slowly, and, with an earnest tone, spoke of the delight she took in seeing the work of God so rapidly progressing, and, turning to the congregation, she exclaimed, "God works by means, and we ought to work with him." She then gave it as her impression, that, in reference to the case of Brother R. we ought all to fall down before God, and every soul to be poured out in earnest and definite prayer, for the removal of that load, under which his spirit groaned. Is it possible to describe the scene that followed? No! language is not sufficient to picture that throng as they sank down upon their knees, and each earnestly, (but not loudly,) plead for that afflicted brother. A few moments elapsed, during which, amid tears, many

petitions were offered up in faith for that brother.

The tumult seemed to cease! The prayers became less audible! The sobs were more distinct! It seemed that, after laying the case before God, all seemed to be resting by faith, waiting the result, when Brother R. arose, and, with a joy which beamed upon his countenance, declared, "that God had blessed him, and removed the burden from his mind"! He thanked God! He thanked that lady for her suggestion, and promised to meet us in heaven. I believe he still is on his journey, enjoying the favor of God. *May he be faithful!* and may we, as God's servants, work by means.

Cobourg, C. W.

The Faithfulness of God.

AN INCIDENT IN MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY A. C. B. L.

"Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

In the year 18—, a lady who was teaching in the southern part of Ohio, became acquainted with a young man, who was studying medicine. Boarding in his father's family, she soon learned that he was not pious. Her mind dwelt much on his condition and prospects, and deeming it all-important, that a physician should be a true and earnest Christian, it was her prayer, that he might become one; and knowing that prayer and effort must accompany each other, every suitable opportunity was improved, to impress on his mind, the importance of loving and trusting a heavenly *Friend*.

He was kind and amiable, and listened to entreaty, only because it came from one, who, he believed, was his friend, but he seemed perfectly insensible to the claims of Jesus. After some months he left town, designing to be absent a year or more. As he gave the parting word to his friend, she placed in his hand a slip of paper, upon which the following lines were written:

"This slip is blank, reserved for me,
From every record it is free;
Here, no memorial yet has been,
Here, no impression yet is seen;
O! could I thus, within your mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Then, it should be my greatest care,
To fix my Savior's image there."

Contrary to his own, and others' expectations, a few weeks only passed, before he returned, and just at the time, when some special means of grace were in use, and some were already inquiring the way to Zion.

The hope was expressed to him, that Providence had directed his steps back at this time, that he might be partaker in the blessings of grace. He attended inquiry meetings, and at last, the meetings for converts—and, for some weeks, appeared well; but soon relapsed into a state of indifference. A long time passed, before an opportunity again occurred for conversation. He seemed to be, if possible, more stupid than ever before. His danger and guilt were pressed upon his attention, and mention was again made, of the anxiety which had been felt, by his friend and her room-mate, for him, and that, for a long time, they had spent Wednesday evening in prayer, for him; and, though her room-mate had now left, *she* should continue to pray; and he was asked if, at that time, he would pray for himself. He seemed much affected, and promised that he would.

A few weeks after, he expressed some hope; light shone upon his mind, and the darkness fled away. On Sabbath evenings, they sometimes walked in the garden, and talked of the Savior and his love. A note was put into the hand of his friend, which read thus:

"You know not how much I was pleased and benefited, by the conversation in the garden last Sabbath eve. How much you have done for me! Allow me to say, you have found that place in my mind, which you wished, and expressed in those lines you gave me, just as I left town last sum-

mer; and I do feel, that it is a blessed privilege to serve God, and call Christ *my* Savior. You spoke of professing the name of Christ publicly. I feel, as I said to you, that it is a *duty*, and yet, I am fearful of making a false profession. I want your counsels and prayers. O! for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. If I am a Christian, it is to your faithfulness and prayers, under God, that I owe it."

Not long afterwards, he united with the church, and walked worthy of his high and holy calling. In due time, he left town, and selected a place where his professional labors were called for,—married an estimable Christian, and is now surrounded by a happy family, "loving and being beloved;" and in the church has "purchased to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

To the praise of the riches of his grace, be it evermore recorded, "He is *faithful*, who hath promised."

A Form of Consecration.

I found, in an old family Bible, the following very solemn form of consecration. I have never seen it in my reading. If it is original, its publication may interest and profit many of the readers of the Guide.

W. A. SIMMONS.

O THOU most high and ever blessed Lord God! I desire to present myself before thee, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul, sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is to appear before the holy majesty of Heaven, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Who am I, O Lord God, or what is my house, what is my nature or descent, my character and deserts, that I should speak of this, and desire that I may be one party in a covenant where thou art the other? I blush and am confounded even to mention it before thee; but, O Lord, great as is thy majesty, so also is thy mercy. If thou wilt hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy superlatively exalted nature must

stoop infinitely low, and I know that, in and through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful mortals, and to allow their approach to thee, and their covenant intercourse with thee; nay, I knew that the scheme and plan is all thine own, and that thou hast graciously sent to propose it to us, as none untaught by thee would have been able to form it, or inclined to embrace it. I come, therefore, acknowledging myself to have been a great offender, humbling myself, and saying, with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I come, invited by the name of thy Son, wholly trusting in his perfect righteousness, entreating that for his sake thou wilt be merciful to my unrighteousness, and wilt no more remember my sins. Receive, I beseech thee, thy revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right to him, and desires nothing so much as that he may be thine.

This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me, and I consecrate to thee all that I am, and all that I have; the faculties of my mind; the members of my body; my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others; to be all used entirely to thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire and humble resolution to continue thine through the ages of eternity, ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimations of thy will, and ready to spring forward, with zeal and joy, to the immediate execution of it. To thy direction, also, I resign all I am and have, to be disposed of by thee in such manner as thou shalt, in thine infinite wisdom, judge most subservient to the purposes of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events, and say, without reserve, "Not my will, but thine be done;" rejoicing, with a loyal heart, in thy unlimited government, as that which ought to be the delight of the whole rational creation.

Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument of thy service. Number me among thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear Son; let me be clothed with his righteousness; let me be sanctified by his Spirit; transform me more and more into his image. Impart to me, through him, all needful influences of thy purifying, cheering, and comforting Spirit, and let my life be spent under those influences, and in the light of thy gracious countenance.

And, when the solemn hour of death comes, may this, thy covenant, well ordered in all things and sure, as all my salvation, and all my desire, though every other help and enjoyment perish!

Do thou, O Lord, remember it too! Look down with pity, O my heavenly Father, on thy languishing, dying child. Embrace me in thy everlasting arms. Put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and receive it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, peacefully and joyfully to wait the accomplishment of thy great promise to all thy people, even that of a glorious resurrection, and of eternal happiness, in thy heavenly presence.

And, if any surviving friends should, when I am in the dust, meet with this memorial of my solemn transaction with thee, may they make it their own, and do thou graciously admit them to partake of all the blessings of thy covenant, through Jesus, the great Mediator of it; to whom, with thee, O Father, and thy Holy Spirit, be everlasting praises ascribed, by all the millions who are thus saved by thee, and by all those other celestial spirits, in whose works and blessedness thou shalt call them to share. Amen and amen.

Solemnly and humbly subscribed, this fifteenth day of May, eighteen hundred and eleven—by me,

T. M. C.
C. C.

Those that fear the Lord shall be his in that day when he shall make up his jewels.—[Malachi.]

Adam Clarke and Sanctification.

THE following original letter was written by the late Rev. Dr. A. Clarke, when about twenty-two years of age, to the Rev. John Wesley, and, as it shows his experience at that period of the blessing of entire sanctification, I herewith forward it for your excellent Journal, believing it will be deeply interesting to many of your readers.

D. NASH

Cornwall, Conn.

NORWICH, [Eng.,] March 29th, 1784.

Rev. and very Dear Sir:—Since I was justified, I have, in general, expected and prayed for that inestimable blessing, a heart in all things devoted to God, which, soon after I received pardon, I found to be indispensably necessary; but meeting with little encouragement in my pursuit after it, I obtained it not, and so spent that time in offering a maimed sacrifice, which, if I had been encouraged and rightly directed, might have been spent in serving God with a perfect heart and a willing mind. I continued mostly in this state, or at most advancing very slowly, till I came to this kingdom, when you ordered me into the Bradford Circuit. Here the good Lord was pleased to give me a sight of the unspeakable depravity of my heart, and one time in particular, in such a measure that the distress I felt, was as painful in sustaining, as it would be difficult in describing. I suppose at that time, had there not been a sea between me and my native country, and want of money to have carried me there, it is probable I should have made a speedy departure from the work in which I was engaged. I regarded nothing, not even life itself, in comparison of having my heart cleansed from all sin; and began to seek it with full purpose of soul. Thus I continued looking for it, and frequently in much distress, till December, 1782, when I opened my mind to a local preacher, who, I had heard, was a partaker of this precious privilege; from him I received some encouragement and direction, and so set out afresh in quest of it, endeavoring, with all

my strength, to believe in the ability and willingness of my God to accomplish the great work.

Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring self desperately to believe, I found a change wrought in my soul, which I endeavored, through grace, to maintain amid grievous temptations and accusations of the subtle foe, who seemed now determined either to spoil me of my confidence, or to render me as miserable, by reiterated temptation, as I was before when mourning the inbeing of his infernal offspring; but my indulgent Savior continued to support and encourage me, and enabled me with all my power to preach the glad tidings to others, so that I soon saw more of the effects of the travail of my Redeemer's soul than I had ever seen before. Glory be to God through Christ! Amen. But to this day I am in a strait between two, and fear almost constantly rests on my mind of denying it, lest thereby I should forfeit what I have received, or grieve the blessed Spirit; and again, I am afraid to affirm that it is done, lest I should deceive myself in a matter of such great importance.

When this is considered, dear sir, you can easily perceive how much I stand in need of your advice and direction. I know, indeed, that, from God, knowledge and wisdom are to be received, and that he gives to all liberally, who ask such blessings from him. But, again, I remember a sentiment in one of your sermons in which you inform me that God usually helps "man by man." This I believe to be exactly right, and therefore entertain a hope that if you will be so very kind as to spend a few minutes in directing one concerning these things, the good Lord will make your advice abundantly profitable, and I am sure will reward the labor of love.

Our congregations in this circuit are in general enlarged, and several, through the mercy of God, are much quickened. O may God abundantly increase the flame, till it becomes universal, for Jesus' sake. Several of our people in this city have no

great affection for the doctrine of entire sanctification. However, whether they will hear or will forbear, we declare it unto them, well knowing that, unless we do this, we preach not the whole gospel of God. Some, who had before denied it, are now not only convinced of the attainableness of it, but are earnestly contending for it, and some have received a token of good. *Gloria Deo.* Earnestly praying that the Lord God may be your sun and your shield, and that he may make your latter days still more useful than the former, and spare you many more years for the profit of his people, and give you every degree of grace to prepare you for eternal glory, I remain, very dear sir, your unworthy, though truly desirous of being, in all respects, your obedient son in the gospel of our common Lord. ADAM CLARKE. —[Christian Advocate and Journal.

An Act of Faith for Perfect Love.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEWARK CONFERENCE.

I HAD enjoyed religion about twenty years. I had believed that perfect love, entire sanctification, or Christian perfection, was attainable in this life, subsequent to conversion. But I had concluded, that, in my case, it had been reached gradually, and without any sudden witness of the Spirit. From years of steady growth in religion, from a consciousness of entire and long-continued consecration, and from many special seasons of sweet communion with God, I had concluded myself perfected in love. In my preaching upon the blessing, I did not hesitate to imply that I had received it. Though I taught others to expect to be conscious of the very point of obtainment, I considered my own case an exception to the general rule.

In this frame, during the last session of the New Jersey Conference, I commenced listening to a sermon from Rev. James Caughey. I was soon drawn to an ardent desire for a more sensible witness of per-

fect love, than I could fix on in my experience; and I could not but think it very possible, that, in concluding I enjoyed the blessing, I had rested too much in intellectual deductions. It furthermore seemed to me, as the preacher was pressing the theme, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have," that in my caution against being led too far by this much treated topic, I had not been led far enough. In my public teaching and private seeking, I had carefully kept in view, entire consecration, and waiting faith, but it was with much caution and limited stress, that I associated with them, any taking-for-granted act of the mind. I had been aware of the fact that imagining a thing could not make it real, but I now suspected that I had not equally realized that too much confidence could not be placed in God; that, when the soul is clearly conscious of entire consecration, there may be, through the great atonement, an unreserved venturing, an entire self-abandonment to the divine mercy and power. Brother Caughey seemed to be led by the Spirit to reach my case; and, just as he had strengthened his application of Scripture, in regard to the believing process, by a pointed quotation from a witness not to be despised, (Mr. Fletcher,) I resolved to venture out; not merely to struggle in prayer, with a *waiting* faith, as previously, but to *venture out*, by the blood of Jesus, in unrestrained boldness, and throw myself right off from the furthest projecting foothold of creaturely effort, into the dark, "not knowing whither," (Heb. xi. 8,) save unto the great space or sea of Almighty Love. I was graciously enabled so to do. I was as conscious of the act as I could have been of a plunge of my body from some jutting point into an ocean. In the bold venture I exercised no *outgoing* caution, but an *introverting* one, lest I should believe I had the blessing before I had it, lest I should *imagine* some effect. And I know that when I had thus ventured, there rushed through my whole being, from a source extraneous to myself, what no

words can represent to a cold, intellectual critic, but what some can understand by a *sudden stream of sweet, soft, permeating fire*. My soul was fully assured that this was the needful baptism. I could not refrain from praising God aloud.

During much of the remainder of that night, and of the next day, and of the week since, I have been reviewing my case, and I think I can truly say, that I was that evening brought into the large place of full liberty from sin, a state of singular freedom from the minute incipencies of influences and emotions, concerning which, I had frequently been in doubt whether to account them very subtle temptations, or the very first fibres of the roots of evil.

So it seems, that though I had for years enjoyed a state of grace so cheering, that I honestly confounded it with perfect love; yet I did not actually obtain the fulness, until that night, when I humbled my intellect, as well as heart, by what may be denominated, correctly enough, to a candid reader, the all-venturing, self-abandoning faith.

Of course I was not prepared, nor can any one be prepared, to exercise this faith previously to a distinct consciousness, in the searching presence of God, of entire consecration. During the few weeks since that memorable night, I have enjoyed a quiet flow of the same stream of fire which then fell upon me, except when I have slightly neglected to walk by the same faith by which I was fully set upon my feet.

Let no one suppose that obtaining this blessing is entering a state of rest. It is, indeed, a state of love. But, in the church militant, love does not wish to rest. It is willing to battle for the Lord, and it has the privilege of so doing. In perfect love, increased exquisiteness of joys are no more surely found, than increased subtlety of temptations, and the consequent need of intense watchfulness and strong faith, yea, in continuance, the all-venturing faith in God.—[Christian Advocate and Journal.

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST 1857.

EDITORS' DRAWER.

AGAIN we appear before you, Beloved, with our Spiritual Miscellany. The present number does not, perhaps, present as great a *variety* as some of its predecessors, though we think, in point of excellence, many of its articles will bear a favorable comparison. The article entitled, "Badge of my Royal Priesthood," besides its intrinsic merit, possesses peculiar interest, not only as the *first fruits* of our English connexion, but as coming from the pen of a lineal descendant of one who has rendered himself deservedly popular by his luminous exposition of Holy Writ. Our agent in England gives us a very encouraging account of the progress of our cause in that country. We hope to be able to enrich our columns with many contributions from this quarter.

With the present number, we send out our bills. These may not, in every instance, show a correct state of account, as, from their number, we are compelled to commence making them out long before we send them, and remittances have been frequently made in the interval. Then, again, payment may have been made to agents who have not had an opportunity of remitting. Our subscribers may rest assured that we do not intend to exact more than is our due, and, when notified of such errors, we will see them rectified. We hope, however, that, where the debt is acknowledged, our bills will meet a prompt response. We know the times are hard, especially in some sections of the country, and would make every allowance for this in our power; but we think that, with a little effort, these sums, small in themselves, but large in the aggregate, might be remitted us; and we feel the need of them in carrying forward our enterprise. On this point, however, we have little ground of complaint. Most of our subscribers, true to their principles, are prompt in their payments, and we thank them for it. We are constantly encouraged in our work by the most cheering testimonials. By divine assistance, we hope to make our periodical worthy of their continued patronage, and eminently useful in bringing believers to realize the fulness there is in Him at whose feet we would ever lie.

Mrs. PALMER'S WORKS IN ENGLAND.—Our beloved countrywoman is being eminently honored of God in the gracious influence which is accompanying her writings in our fatherland. The following extract from a private letter cannot fail to interest our readers.

"I have received four letters from England within a few days, all of which bear the glorious intelligence that the Lord is condescending to own these humble agents (Way of Holiness, and Faith and its Effects,) largely in the entire sanctification of believers. The publisher in England informs us, that, through the munificence of individuals, all the class-leaders in London have been supplied with a copy to lend in their classes. One person, who is a servant-maid, gave us a "thank offering" of £10 sterling, (about \$48;) this supplied three churches. Other individuals have supplied other churches, among whom is a lady who is the daughter and also the sister of a baronet. Five persons, I have been informed, in one class, received the blessing of entire sanctification through the reading of a copy, while the book was being handed from one to another in passing through the class. I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Collins, and from three others, filled with pleasing recitals of individual cases, etc. I would feel like apologizing for such recitals as the above, but I know you will give thanks to God; for He *alone* the work hath wrought. Truth belongs to God, and not to us. The Guide also is spreading rapidly. Praise the Lord."

WHO WILL GO AND DO LIKEWISE.—The Rev. S. V. Leech writes us from Shepherdstown, Va.:

"Wishing to bring every influence to bear in the prosecution of my work on this circuit, I have introduced the GUIDE into a number of the best families in this community. The July number, which was shown as a specimen in obtaining subscribers, won general approbation. Enclosed I send you twelve new subscribers, with the amount of their subscription in full. I rode forty-five miles in obtaining these names. Will not others 'go and do likewise'?"

"TELL IT NOT IN GATH."—In strange contrast with the above is the following from a correspondent writing on business:

"I am very sorry that I could not send you the pay for my Guide before. I waited in hopes of getting more subscribers, and no doubt would have succeeded; but our PASTOR forbade my recommending it to our church,

and it is a M. E. Church too. This rather discouraged them. Those who have examined the Guide for themselves, like it much. As far as I am individually concerned, I can say it is food to my hungry soul, and I would not part with it on any account."

We should really like to know the ground on which such an interdict should be put on the Guide. It is edited by two ministers, who, for aught we know, are in good standing in the Conferences to which they belong, and, if it is so detrimental to the spiritual interests of the church as to require a pastoral prohibition, complaint should be lodged with the proper authorities to bring the abettors of such mischief to trial. We have reason to believe that this is not the ground of offence. Had it been, we would not be enjoying the countenance and encouragement of so many of the best and truest friends of the church, including its bishops. We fear the opposition arises from another cause. We do not know the name of this pastor, nor, indeed, do we desire to know; but we beg him to consider his interdict in connection with his solemn ordination vows, and the response he gave before his brethren in conference to the following questions:—Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?

BRIEF TESTIMONIES OF THE LIVING AND DYING.

—We occasionally receive fragments of experience in letters not intended for the press, that are too valuable to be lost. From many in our possession, we glean the following:

"In writing, I must be brief; for I have but little time to spare. Jesus is near, and there is a power divine sustaining me. In this I am confident. This morning I consecrated myself to my Savior, and I feel a peace—may I not say, *perfect* peace; for I feel nothing contrary to love. This is the way I live from day to day, depending constantly on Christ. He is all and in all with me. I feel that I can and do rejoice daily in the God of my salvation."

M. M. B.

"The cause of holiness was never more dear to my heart than at present, and I have never enjoyed more of the power of this great salvation in my own soul than for the two weeks past. My faith grasps the 'fulness of God,' while I rest upon the faithful promise, 'Believe ye receive, and ye shall have it.' I lose ground as soon as I cease to live by such a

faith, but find an unspeakable flood of love, light and power let into my soul when I continue to ply this faith.

'O that the world the art might know
Of living thus to Thee.'

Yours in Jesus."

J. D.

"I will inform you that our sister, Miss L. A. W., your subscriber, died first of July. She lived the life of a consistent Christian, and her last words were, 'Heaven opens to me.'"

J. T. H.

"Discontinue sending the Guide to C. G., as he has gone to his home in heaven. His last end was bright with the hope of seeing Christ and his heavenly Father. Yours, etc."

D. C. G.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A NEW MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—No point, in the late news from England, is more interesting to Christians who wish to see the work of God revived, than the statements with regard to the Church of England services in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Bishop of London. Dr. Tyng, of New York, who is now in England, writes of the project to the Protestant Churchman:

"There is much, in the present state of things, to interest one who feels concerned in the welfare of the Church of England. Every thing seems combining to promote its advance in Christian usefulness, and adaptation to the nation. I have told you what a strong practical view Lord Shaftesbury took of clerical duty in the church, at the Pastoral Aid Meeting. The idea was that the church must go out, and find and meet the people. The Bishop of London has just taken a most important step in this direction, in giving an Episcopal license to Exeter Hall, as a place for public worship.

"You are aware that no place can be used as a place of church worship but by such a license. This step is a wonderful advance, and perhaps the boldest and most decided thing which this new bishop has yet done. All his acts display a very independent and determined mind. And we may well rejoice that such a man has been raised up to a place of such power at a time so propitious and important.

"You will see, by the following programme, just published, that there is no mincing of matters, either in regard to persons or place. Exeter Hall, opened under the sanction of the

Bishop of London, is one marvel, and such a line of preachers appointed for a course of sermons is another. It will be a great move in a right direction, and is equally valuable under whichever of its manifold aspects it may be regarded. Read the following :

"EXETER HALL"

SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

Under the sanction of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London, and of the Incumbent of the district.

May 24—The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle : "What saith the Scripture ?"—Rom. iv. 3.

May 31—The Rev. Dr. McNeile, Canon of Chester : "Can the Ethiopian change his skin."—Jeremiah xiii. 20.

June 7—The Rev. C. Molyneux, Minister of the Lock Chapel : "What think ye of Christ ?"—Matthew xii. 42.

June 14—The Rev. W. Miller, Canon of Worcester : "How can these things be ?"—John iii. 9.

June 21—The Rev. J. C. Ryle : "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"—Mark vii. 37 ; Matthew xvi. 26.

June 28—The Very Reverend the Dean of Canterbury : "Why will ye die ?"—Ezekiel xviii. 31 ; xxxiii. 11 ; Jeremiah xxvii. 13.

"The service will begin punctually at half past six. The body of the hall and the platform will be thrown open for the working classes. It is confidently hoped that the regular attendants at churches and chapels will not occupy the room intended for others."

The whole effect of this remarkable step is more than you can imagine. Never has a Bishop of London, since Ridley's martyrdom, taken ground like this one. Such movements as these will serve immensely to bring back the feelings and habits of the common people to the church. And, while similar efforts are springing up all over the island, I cannot but consider them one of the most remarkable events of the day. It is well known that the whole course of the Bishop of London has the highest sanction in the land, and must lead to very great and grave results. Tractarianism must either die or depart under such a system. And the results will come very rapidly to view. There seems no probability of any back track ; and, if things go on in their present course for a little longer period, I think we may speak of

the Church of England as rescued and renewed in its character and its prospects. How great will be the blessing of this whole work to mankind, it is easy to see, but quite impossible to estimate.

The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON filled the Surrey Music Hall not only full to the brim, last Sunday morning, but more than a thousand people had to turn away disappointed from the doors. He preached an admirable sermon from the 1st Corinthians, chapter i. verse 24,—"Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Among his hearers were the Duchess of St. Alban's, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Athol, the Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Stafford, Lady Courtney Boyle, Lord and Lady Coote, Lord John Hay, Lady Franklin, and many other members of the aristocracy. Perhaps it will be thought, by our readers, much more worthy of note that his crowded congregation included a tradesman from Norwich, once well known as an active secularist, who was converted by Mr. Spurgeon's preaching and publicly burnt all his infidel publications ; and another individual, who, till this occasion, had not entered a place of worship for thirty years. In a letter to his publishers in New York, Mr. Spurgeon states that it is not his intention to visit this country at present, as the state of his health will not permit him to undertake the journey.

THE PRICE OF A BIBLE.—Once upon a time, it took thirteen years' work for a laboring man to purchase a Bible. In the year 1272, the wages of laboring men were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible, at the same period, was \$180. A common laborer in those days had to toil on industriously for thirteen long years, if he would possess a copy of the word of God ! Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles. Last year, a single Bible Society—the British and foreign—issued about one and a half million of copies, and, during the several years of its existence, it has sent forth 30,863,901 copies.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, in an eccentric letter recently published, says, that a society in London has worked nearly fifty years, and spent nearly \$500,000, and yet has converted "only two Jews and a half."

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